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Select Miscellany.

THE SNUFF-COLORED SUIT.

I scarcely know how it happened, but a timber must have fell and struck me on the head. The first thing that I realized after it, was I was lying straight and still on something hard, and when I tried to move myself and speak, I found it impossible to do so. I concluded that I must be in some very tight, dark place, for I could not see; in fact, I soon learned that, though perfectly conscious, I could do nothing but hear. A door opened and foot-steps approached; but I felt a cloth taken from my face, and a voice which I recognized as that of Mr. Jones—the father of my wife that was to be said:

"He hasn't changed much," and his companion, whose voice I knew to be that of the village undertaker, Hopkins by name, said lightly:

"Better looking dead than alive. How does Jerusha feel about it? Take on much?"

"Oh, no, she had her eye on another fellow, anyhow, and a better match too, except the money part. Though I had nothing against Ben, only he didn't know much, and was about the homeliest man I ever knew. Such a mouth; why it really seemed as though he was going to swallow knife, plate, and all, when he opened it at dinner."

"Well," said the cheerful voice of Hopkins, "he'll never open his mouth again;" and then he proceeded to measure me for my coffin, for it seemed that I was dead. I had heard of undertakers who always whistled joyfully when they got a measure, but I never believed it before. But that man actually whistled a subdued dancing tune while he measured me, and it seemed to me that three or four icicles were rolling down my back to the music of his whistle.

His duty done, they covered my face again and left me to my reflections, which were not particularly comforting, although I had often heard it remarked, that meditation was good for the soul, and this was the best chance I had ever had of trying it.

An hour must have passed when the door again opened, and two persons came whispering along to where I lay, and the voice of my promised wife fell upon my ear.

"I dread to look at him, Bob; he was so mortal homely, alive, he must be frightful, dead."

I ground my teeth in imagination, as I remembered how often she had gone into raptures, or pretended to, over my noble brow, and expressive mouth; and how she had often declared that if I were taken away from her she would surely pine and die.

One of them raised the cloth, and I knew they were looking at me. Bob was her second cousin, and I knew that he was that "other fellow," whom her father had mentioned.

"Seems to me you don't feel very bad about his dying," remarked Bob, meditatively.

"Well, to tell the truth," said my dear betrothed, "I don't care very much about it. If he had lived, I should have married him, because he was rich, and father wanted me to; but I was getting about sick of my bargain, for I knew I should always be ashamed of him, he looked so like a balloon."

"But you loved him," remarked Bob.

"No, I didn't! My affections were wasted long ago upon one who never returned my love; and my fast-fading idol sighed heavily. They had covered my face by this time, and were standing a few steps from where I lay."

"About how long ago," "Rusha" asked Bob.

"A year, or such a matter," with another deep sigh, which ended in a fit of sneezing.

"About the time I went away?" interrogated the cautious Bob, coughing a little.

"Well, yes; some's near," assented my dear betrothed.

"Now, Jerusha, you don't mean to insinuate that I—"

"I don't mean to insinuate anything, Bob Smith," and the angelic sweetness of her voice was somewhat sharpened.

"Now, see here, Rusha, I've loved you ever since you were knee-high to a gopher, but I thought when you came home that you were sweet on the other chap; but I believe you liked me all the time."

"O Bob! said my was-to-be in a gushing sort of way.

"Mine own Jerusha!" remarked Bob.

Then I heard a subdued rustle, followed by violent lip explosions. I tried to kick, or grate my teeth, or do something to relieve my outraged feelings, but not a kick nor a grate could I raise. It was an awful fire to be in, but I had to stand it, or rather lay it, so I lay still and let 'em alone until they got tired of it and went out, and I was again left to my own pleasant reflections.

Night came, and so did a lot of young fellows with their girls to sit up with me and they had a jolly time of it, although it was against my principles to enjoy it on so solemn an occasion.

It seemed an age until morning, but it came at last and they went away. I heard them say I was to be buried that day at 2 o'clock, and I was beginning to feel decidedly shaky, when Jerusha and her mother came into the room and began arranging for the funeral.

"Rusha," said her mother, "here is that snuff-colored suit of poor Ben's; of course he will never have any more use for clothes, so just put them away among your carpet-rags; they'll make a splendid stripe."

Now that particular suit of clothes was just the dearest one I had ever owned, armbands, collar, wrist-bands, buttons, all just the thing, and my blood boiled to hear them talk so boldly of using them for stripes in a rag carpet. They kept on talking as they wept, dusted and cleaned the room.

"Bob says he will take the Martin farm to work this year," said Jerusha cheerfully, "and as soon as we are married we shall go to house keeping in that little cottage close to the road. Now I must get my carpet done, just as soon as possible, for I want it in that nice little front room. Those duds of Ben's will make out enough rags, I guess. His folks live so far away they will never inquire about his clothes. Now, if it wasn't for the looks of it we could ask old Mother Smith about coloring yellow; she's sure to be here to-day."

I was getting very mad now, indeed. I felt that the crisis was near, and that I should either die or explode if they did not let my snuff-colored suit alone. Jerusha picked them up—I knew it, for I heard the buckles and buttons jingle—and made for the door. I tried to shake my fist and yell at her, but all in vain. I hid there, outwardly as quiet as a lamb, inwardly boiling with wrath. It was too much; the deepest trance could not have held out against the loss of that suit. With a powerful effort I sprang up and screamed. Jerusha dropped my clothes and her mother the duster, and both fled from the room and the house, never stopping until they reached Dr. Brown's, across the street. With difficulty I managed to get my clothes. I had just got them fairly on, when Mrs. Jones and her daughter, followed by a numerous company of men, women and children, came peeping cautiously into the room. I sat on my board and looked at them. Such a scared looking crowd was enough to amuse an owl, so I laughed. I knew it was unbecoming, but I couldn't have helped it if they had checked me into my coffin which the undertaker was just carrying past the window—and buried me the next minute. I laughed until I jarred the chair out from under one end of the board, and down I went with a crash. Then the doctor ventured into the room, saying rather dubiously:

"So, you are not dead yet, Ben?"

"Well, no, not exactly," I replied;—"sorry to disappoint my friends about the funeral, however."

"Yes," he said, rather absently, "had, rather, this is—ahem!"

"Fooled out of that snuff-colored stripe?" I thought, as I looked at Jerusha.

"Go and speak with him," said her father in a stage whisper. "He's got the stamps and you had better marry him, after all."

They began to gather around me and congratulate me on my escape. I noticed that they cried a great deal more now than when I was dead.

Jerusha came and lunged round my neck, sniveling desperately. I gave her a not over gentle push and told her to wait next time until I was safely buried before she set her heart on my old clothes.

"Oh, I am so glad," she said, sweetly, without appearing to notice what I said about the clothes, "that you are not dead, Benny dear. My heart seemed all withered and broken to see you lying all cold and white. I wept bitterly over your pale face, my beloved."

"Yes," I replied; "I heard you and Bob taking on terribly. It was a lucky die for me."

"Could you hear?" she gasped.

"I rather think I could some," I replied.

She looked towards the door, but it was crowded full, so she made a dive for the open window, and went through it like a deer. She shut herself up in the smoke-house, and would not come out until after I had left the house.

Bob would not fill his promise of marriage with his cousin because she tried to make up with me again; so she is living a life of single blessedness.

While I am writing, my wife is cutting up my snuff-colored clothes to make a stripe in a new carpet for our front room.

From the Mobile Register.

Politics in Europe and Immigration to America.

Immigration to the United States has very greatly fallen off during the past years. Of all the States, Texas alone has received a fuller stream of foreign immigrants than any other. The cause which has operated against the customary current of laborers is the depression in business which for the past two years has paralyzed enterprise and restricted ordinary operations. For the past two years the old world has been at peace, except in the Iberian peninsula, from which the United States receive but few immigrants. It is not possible, however, that this peaceful condition of affairs will last. The whole world is arming. Russia has her three million of soldiers ready to join with England in the fearful struggle which is to decide the point in Central Asia where Russia shall stop in her march upon India. While the hostile standards of these great powers are waving upon the yellow seas, it is not improbable that Germany, with every available man in the ranks, may push forward her schemes of seizing Holland, the rest of Denmark, and the Baltic provinces of Russia. In self-protection, and to push back the frontiers of the Czar, she may revive Poland and use the bastions of that unhappy land as a bulwark for her eastern borders. Germany is arming en masse. From the age of seventeen to forty-two, every man not belonging to the army or the reserve, is to be liable to be called out in the case of an actual or threatened invasion. This contingent force added to the line, the Landwehr and the existing Landsturm raises the disposable force of the German Empire to 2,800,000 men.

France, too, is awaiting her revenge. Whether as Republic, Empire or Kingdom, she will not rest until the struggle is renewed for recovery of her lost provinces and for extension of her boundaries to the Rhine. France has now under arms a million and three quarters of men. The more these leading powers prepare for war, the more do the smaller ones prepare. Austria, Italy, Denmark, Holland and Switzerland are arming as fast as they can. All over the continent men and horses are being taken from agriculture to be turned into killing machines. The women and children are at the plough.

The London Times of the 18th of January says:

"In the gloom that surrounds us one thing is perceptible. All men are arming themselves. It is the darkness that may be felt, and the sensation is not imaginary. At the word of command, Germany is arming en masse, and the

surrounding nations—that is, the best part of the world—cannot but do as she does. The momentary dreams of peace and quiet, arts and progress, have fled away, and Germany recognizes the stern necessity of her case, which is that what she was by arms she can only hold by arms, as long as the arms are in her hand.

"For ages Germany had possessed all the glories, except those of policy and war. Now it has these, and the others as well. It is surrounded by great Empires."

"The prosperity of England and Russia alone would be enough to tempt an ascetic ambition. Like the King, Germany asked only for wisdom, and now has it with riches, honor, dominion, and the life of its enemies, which it did not ask for. But now that it has tasted these delights it is a different being, with a new and nobler consciousness, and not content or satisfied on the same easy terms as before. Why should it now shrink from an appeal to arms, which cannot but give it more than ever? This is the new attitude of Germany; all or nothing; for in her case not to advance is to recede."

"Germany is not a rich country. Even with its singular wealth of parsimony, it cannot keep even a million of men long under arms without appreciable sacrifices. In fact, a time will arrive when the burden of a much larger armament will compel a question between disarmament and initiative in war. If only to secure peace, Germany will have to appeal to arms, or, if not that, some other power involved in this wild sword-dance of nations. Such is the inevitable result of an inflation of armaments proceeding upon rivalry and provocation; and it can only be averted by a timely resolution to be content with what one has, and to stand on one's guard against unprovoked aggression."

Such being the attitude of Europe, the suffering peasantry, their families now laboring worse than slaves, and their own lives hanging trembling in the future, must turn their eyes to the only peaceful haven, the Southern States of North America. Here our population is homogeneous; here the municipalities are ruled by white men of Anglo-Saxon, Franco-Latin and Celtic descent. Here are productive fields lying idle for want of labor, mountains teeming with precious ores, a climate unsurpassed for salubrity. Here is a cultivated, peaceful and laborious society. Whatever strifes may occur at Washington or springs from the elections of chief magistracy, they cannot roll south of the Potomac, for our people are united, and drilled in the use of arms. In the event of civil war they can maintain peace in the Southern States and preserve untouched and uncontaminated an imperial domain, in which the standard of pure representative Democracy can never be torn down.

Now is the time for the Southern States to invite immigration. Millions of Europeans stand ready to fly the approaching storm. It is gratifying to know that Alabama has had the foresight to so modify her law as to invite foreign capital to her borders. Capital will fly the casualties of a general European war, and labor will follow capital.

Knew Her Business.

MR. MAXON GETS ELECTED—HOW HIS WIFE FOUND IT OUT.

James Maxon is a duly initiated and valiant Knight of Pythias, residing on Fourth street. The other night he left home, telling Mrs. Maxon that he was going to the lodge. About half-past eight o'clock two well-dressed men rang the door-bell, and when Mrs. Maxon appeared they introduced themselves as companion Knights of Pythias. They said the lodge had just held an election, and that Mr. Maxon had been unanimously called to the Chancellor's chair—the highest position in the lodge. They had been duly appointed, in accordance with the custom which is peculiar to the Order, to inform her of the distinguished honor that had been conferred on her husband, and to solicit her consent to his acceptance of the office, another stipulation peculiar only to the Knights of Pythias. Mr. Maxon, they said, according to their rules, would hold the office for three years, and would receive an annual salary of \$1,162, this being the exact amount according to the tribute levied on each knight by the superior council. Mrs. Maxon was overjoyed, and thanked the courteous gentlemen—who had meanwhile seated themselves in the parlor—and gave her freest consent to the acceptance of the high and lucrative office conferred upon her worthy husband. The visitors rose to leave, and, as they were about to withdraw with all the thoughtful etiquette of thorough gentlemen, one of them suddenly remarked:

"Oh! by the way, Mrs. Maxon, I almost forgot to give you this note; Mr. Maxon especially impressed upon me not to forget its delivery."

A hurriedly written note was handed Mrs. Maxon, and, excusing herself, she retired to the lighter parlor and read:

DEAR WIFE:—I have been selected from among the 375 members of my lodge to act as Chancellor, a flattering office worth nearly \$1,200 a year. It is always customary for the newly elected Chancellor to furnish refreshments for the Knights. I have only \$5 with me. Please send me at least \$50, for I must do the thing up well. Send \$100 if you have it handy, or borrow it of the neighbors. It will all come back when I get my first month's salary—\$100. Your loving husband,

JAMES MAXON.

Mrs. Maxon's eyes opened and she thought a moment. Then she went to a wardrobe, plunged her hand into the pocket of her silk dress, pulled out a Russia leather purse, and from its snugly tucked up corner took a bill. It looked nice and fresh and had in big figures upon it, "\$100." Going to the door she inquired of the waiting gentlemen:

"Will you take the money to him?"

The kind looking fellow who handed her the note professing not to know what was in it, spoke up, "Oh certainly, certainly, I'll see that he gets it safely. Glad to accommodate you, madam."

Said Mrs. Maxon, "I have only a \$100 bill, and James wants but fifty, and besides that I don't want to send the whole of it. Will you get it changed for me, please?"

The two gentlemen consulted a moment and then said, "Oh, we have change," and straight-

way took the fifty dollars and gave it to Mrs. M. in exchange for the bill, and wishing her a very good night retired with all the elegant grace and manliness characteristic of the noble Pythian Knights.

In about twenty minutes Mr. Maxon came home. "Why," said his wife, "I thought you were entertaining your knightly associates. I didn't expect you before midnight, considering the amount of money you wanted for your feast."

"What do you mean," inquired Mr. Maxon. "I don't understand you."

"Why didn't you send me this?" said Mrs. M., handing him the note. "Right after you left two very clever looking gentlemen called and said you had been elected to some high office—Chancellor, I think—and I, of course,"

Mrs. M., who had glanced over the note and discovered its complexion, ejaculated, "You gave them a bill? Why it's a diabolical swindle. How could you give them any money? How much?"

"Why I gave them a hundred dollar bill and they gave me fifty dollars in change. Here it is."

Mr. Maxon in a despairing way took the money and carelessly glanced it over at first, then more eagerly scanning each bill carefully. "Well, well," said he at last, "this is a double outrage. Why, all this money is counterfeit except two five dollar notes! But where in the name of common sense did you ever get a \$100 bill. You didn't borrow that of the neighbors, did you?"

"No," said Mrs. Maxon, who appeared to her husband to be strangely undisturbed. "I took that \$100 note you gave me a year ago. Don't you remember? You told me to look out and not to spend it."

"Why, that's a counterfeit!" exclaimed her husband.

"I knew it was. Did you suppose I didn't see through their stupid game, Mr. Maxon? Your wife isn't a fool if she is a woman. Give me those two good \$5 bills, if you please, I just want a new bonnet."

Sketch of two Rich Men.

JAY GOULD.

A friend of mine had an interview with Jay Gould the other day, at his own house, and there are some who may be interested to know how the great operator lives, and by what method he works. His house is in Fifth Avenue, a corner house, with a bay window, nearly opposite the Windsor hotel—nothing remarkable about it in any way. The door is opened to visitors by an unusually plain and stupid Liberatorian female, (it is said he dare not have a smart colored man, for fear he would learn too much), and persons whom he meets on confidential terms are invited to the front basement, which is a smoking room and office.

It is here, in this room, that he transacts business, stocks, bonds, and other financial matters, and performs those daring acts which astound many timid folk and separate him from the mass. In this basement are four telegraph machines, controlling eleven wires through which he communicates with Wall Street with infinitely greater facility than if he were upon the spot. With these wires he can do as much work in one hour as he could in Wall street in two days.

Besides, he does not dare go into Wall street—his face would be watched by a hundred jealous, argus eyes, and inferences drawn which would prove a constant source of trouble and annoyance. He could not speak to a man, could not enter a broker's office without the news flying from one end of the street to the other, and everything being put in commotion.

Mr. Jay Gould is a bear on principle; he does not think we have touched bottom yet, or will for some time to come. He thinks we have still to see harder times than any we have seen, and a still further depreciation of values. He believes there can be no true prosperity till we return to specie payments, and points to Texas and the territories where gold is the standard of value, as the only sections of country to-day that are thriving and prosperous. Mr. Gould is a small, dark man, with black hair, eyes, black beard, and a quick, penetrating look, which takes in the situation at a glance. He has been called "the man who dares," and it is in this that he differs from other men—they may, perhaps, see it as well as he, but while they tremble on the brink, he steps in, and with cool audacity does what they hardly dared to contemplate. He declares that he will put no money in real estate, nor engage in any solid business enterprise until specie payment is resumed. There are many other men who will do nothing but gamble in stocks with their money until they can proceed upon a safe and sure foundation, with a prospect of success based upon fixed principles of action.

SENATOR JONES.

Quite a different view of the financial situation is taken by Senator Jones, from Nevada. Imagine a man worth twenty-five millions of dollars! It takes one's breath away. How can he keep the track of it? How does he know how much he is really worth, and what can he do with so much money? He has got a new wife; probably she will help him to spend some of it. But what a small affair the whole material world must seem to be to a man with that amount of money! He could almost write his check for it. Senator Jones is, however, a good and somewhat remarkable man, apart from his wealth. He is Welsh by birth, was poor in his youth and through part of his manhood, and was strongly imbued with socialist and labor-reform ideas. His sympathies even yet are with the poor man. He believes in bringing labor up, in paying for it more liberally, in educating the laborer, and in affording him the reward of his toil in the means of a better social and domestic life, and honorable place in the world for his family and provision for his old age. He says the rich man, the very rich man, has too good a thing of it, and in some way the possibilities ought to be more equally divided. So far as the present outlook is concerned, he thinks we are on the eve of another era of speculation, inflation and high prices, to be followed by the worse collapse we have known. Senator Jones is a stout, rather short, but good-looking man, of something over forty, perhaps; a man to implicitly trust.

The Church Disaster in New York.

PARTICULARS OF THE DISASTER—THRILLING SCENES.

A telegraphic account has been published of a terrible disaster in New York, on Thursday evening, caused by the falling of a five-story wall upon the roof of St. Andrew's Catholic Church, corner of Duane street and City Hall Place, crushing in the roof of that building, in which a large congregation was assembled at vespers, and causing the death of five persons and the wounding of twenty-six others.

ORIGIN OF THE DISASTER.

The New York papers contain interesting particulars of the disaster. It seems that in January a fire occurred next door to St. Andrew's Church, in the five-story building of James M. Shaw, and burned the upper stories to and through the roof. The weather was very cold at the time, so that the water froze on the front of the building as it was thrown from the engines. The heat of the fire doubtless injured the high side brick walls of this building, and the water which had frozen and thawed and frozen again upon these injured and exposed walls further weakened them. The thaw of the past few days had also helped to reduce the strength of the walls, which had been left without further security than the weakened beams to hold them together. The high wind which succeeded the rain storm on Thursday evening, blowing from the eastward, expended its full force on the westerly wall of the ruined store, and blew a portion of it down upon the roof of the church, causing the destruction and loss of life as announced.

THE CHURCH.

The usual services of the Lenten season were in progress, the congregation numbering upwards of 1,200 persons, the majority being women and children. The services were conducted by Rev. Father Michael Curran, pastor of the church, assisted by Rev. Father Flynn, assistant pastor, and Father Carroll, of St. Stephen's Church. The first portion of the service had been concluded, and Father Carroll was preaching a sermon, when suddenly a low rumbling sound was heard, and in a moment the north-east corner of the roof came crashing in, burying those of the audience seated in the gallery under a great mass of bricks, plaster, and other rubbish. The congregation at once became greatly alarmed. They sprang to their feet, and with one accord made a rush for the doors and windows in their terror. Father Curran sprang forward and endeavored to still the panic which naturally ensued. In his efforts to quell the dreadful panic which prevailed, he was ably seconded by Fathers Flynn and Carroll; but the entreaties of the priests had no effect, and men, women and children rushed headlong for the door, struggling in the greatest terror to gain exit from the building. Unfortunately the main doors of the church on Duane street were closed and locked, and only one of the side doors, that on the east side of the building, nearest to Chatham street, was open. This doorway is not over six or seven feet wide, and towards this means of exit the rush of the terror-stricken multitude tended. Leading from the eastern gallery of the church to this doorway is a steep and narrow wooden stairway, and as the accident occurred on the eastern gallery, the people who made for this stairway were even more

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than those in the main body of the edifice. It soon choked up, and the two streams of people—those coming from the body of the church and those rushing from the gallery—met at the foot of the stairs, and a complete blockade resulted. A dense mass of humanity filled the narrow space to the open air, and a battle for life ensued. The weak, as was to be expected, had to give way to the strong, and several women and children who were in the middle of the crowd fell at the foot of the stairs, and were crushed and trampled upon by those behind in their efforts to save themselves.

It was at this point, and during this fierce contest for life that the majority of the killed and wounded received their injuries.

THE SCENE INSIDE THE CHURCH.

When the crowd was nearly out a company of firemen and policemen forced their way in. They found the aisles littered with sleeves, coats, hats and rags torn off in the struggle, and found also a few women and boys who had fainted in the press, and others assisting those who had been broken through and the floor, sent them to the east gallery at once. There they found a few heavy timber beams from the roof lying among the remnants of the pews, and the whole northern two-thirds of the gallery strewn with broken and shattered boards, bricks, slate and mortar, all wet by the drenching rain. One woman lay under a beam with her leg broken, and under another timber a man was crushed fatally, but still breathing.

From the first point reached by the falling debris along the gallery and down to the door, an irregular line of bodies was found. In some life was not extinct; others were so badly hurt as not to be unable to move, while not a few were found in a state of syncope, the result of fright. The debris was light enough to admit of the easy extraction of the twenty or more who lay unable to move. The large force of police and firemen made short work of carrying out the dead and injured. As has already been stated, five persons were killed outright and twenty-six seriously wounded, whilst many others were slightly wounded.

James M. Shaw, the owner of the building, the walls of which fell on the church, was immediately arrested, and bailed to await the action of the coroner's jury, which was to meet on Monday.

A colored preacher remarked: "When God made the first man He set him up agin de fence to dry." "Who made dat fence?" interrupted an eager listener. "Put dat man out!" exclaimed the colored preacher; "such questions as dat destroy all de theology in the world."

A chap out West, who had been severely afflicted with a palpitation of the heart, says he found instant relief by the application of another palpitating heart. Another triumph in homoeopathy. "Like cures like."

War in Barnum's Happy Family.

A LEOPARD KILLS THE BLACK PANTHER, AND PARTIALLY DEVOURS IT.

Two lions, two leopards, and a tame black panther have for some months been kept in one cage in Barnum's Hippodrome. The lions are separated from their companions through the night by iron bars, but in the day time the bars are withdrawn, and the animals form a "happy family."

When the bars were taken out one morning last week one of the leopards made a spring for the panther's throat. The panther was young, but his muscles were like iron and his skin as thick as sole leather, and he struck the leopard a blow with one of his fore paws that laid him sprawling on the floor of the cage. In an instant the leopard was on his feet again, and the animals stood face to face. For fully a minute they glared and growled, and then with a shock that nearly turned the cage on its side, they met again, each trying to grasp the other by the throat.

The employees of the Hippodrome, attracted by the noise of the conflict, tried with bars and spears, to separate the combatants, but without avail. Sanguined spears were snapped in two like straws, and even the keeper of the animals dared not approach the cage.

At length the leopard, with an unexpected spring, fixed himself on the panther's back, and taking the loose skin on the back of the latter's neck between his teeth, gave the panther a toss against the side of the cage that bent the thick iron bars nearly double. For a minute there was great danger that all the beasts in the cage would escape. The top of the bars in the cage were broken, and the floor was split. But the battle was over; for the panther, without a sound, struck the floor of the cage lifeless. But the leopard was not satisfied with the death of his antagonist. No sooner was he convinced that he could approach with safety than seizing the panther's head between his fore paws, he gave him a tearing with the sharp claws of his hind feet that nearly stripped the skin from his body. Then he began with his teeth, and before the employees could interfere nearly half of the dead panther had been eaten by the leopard.

When at length a sufficient force had been collected around the cage, the keeper who had tamed the panther entered the den. There upon the floor lay his pet's silky black skin, almost entire. His body not yet cold, quivered, and his eyes glared. The leopard crouched in a corner of the cage satisfied with his meal. The iron bars were soon replaced, and the leopard was prevented from doing further mischief.

At the afternoon performance the leopard was so unruly that it was deemed unsafe for the trainer to enter the cage, but the bars were kept in their places, and no more damage was done.

Four Babies at a Birth.

The quartette sisters, who made their first appearance on Tuesday night at No. 119 Low St., held a numerously-attended levee yesterday. All of them were in apparently sound health, and as good humored as the circumstances would permit. The proper name of the mother and father of the children is Hahn and Hoen, as it is pronounced by some. The babies were visited by hundreds of ladies from all parts of the city, and some who live out of it. A number of these came in carriages. At least a score of physicians called to see the phenomena of nature, and one physician coming from Washington and another from Philadelphia. The babies were christened on Wednesday by Rev. Father Malloy, of St. John's parish, at the request of the mother. They were named respectively Sarah, Mary, Kate and Jamie, and each was fully labeled to prevent them from becoming mixed, which would otherwise be likely to happen, as they are as much alike as four peas. When the announcement was made at 9 o'clock last night that the babies refused to see any more visitors until this morning, the pavement in front of the house was crowded with ladies, who went regretfully away. The father of the children says his name is John Hahn; he is thirty years old, was born in Germany, but came to this country when one year old. Mrs. Hahn, who is also thirty years of age, was born in the United States. She has for several years been in delicate health, and for the past six weeks has been ill. Mr. Hahn is a cigar maker, and has been out of work for the past six weeks. He is quite an intelligent man, evidently temperate, and undoubtedly means to do the best he can under this heavy visitation of Providence.

Elements of Strength.

Gen. R. H. Hill, in a recent speech, made many pungent suggestions, among them the following:

"Make cotton your surplus crop. In these five words lie the Sampson locks of your future power. Make your own fertilizers by resting, cropping, grassing and manuring your lands. Thus you become independent of the guano merchants. Raise your own provisions. Thus you become independent of the provision merchants. Your cheapest and safest line of transportation runs from your own fields and barns to your own barns and meat-houses. With no debts for your supplies, you will need no accommodation credit at two per cent. per month. Thus you become independent of brokers, cotton factors, and lien merchants. You can then sell your cotton at your own time, to your own chosen buyers, and will get your own money. None of these things can a cotton planter do who plants on credit, and borrows money to buy his provisions."

France is a money making country. They have already gotten back all the gold they paid to the Germans as indemnity and as much more, for their manufactures and products; and recently when a loan was called for by the government, they subscribed enough in Paris alone to pay off the national debt of the United States. France makes everything pay. She is the Midas of nations, and all she touches turns to gold. You may whip such a people but you can't keep them whipped.

